Dialogues

ON

Canadian History

BY

T. CHISHOLM, M.D.

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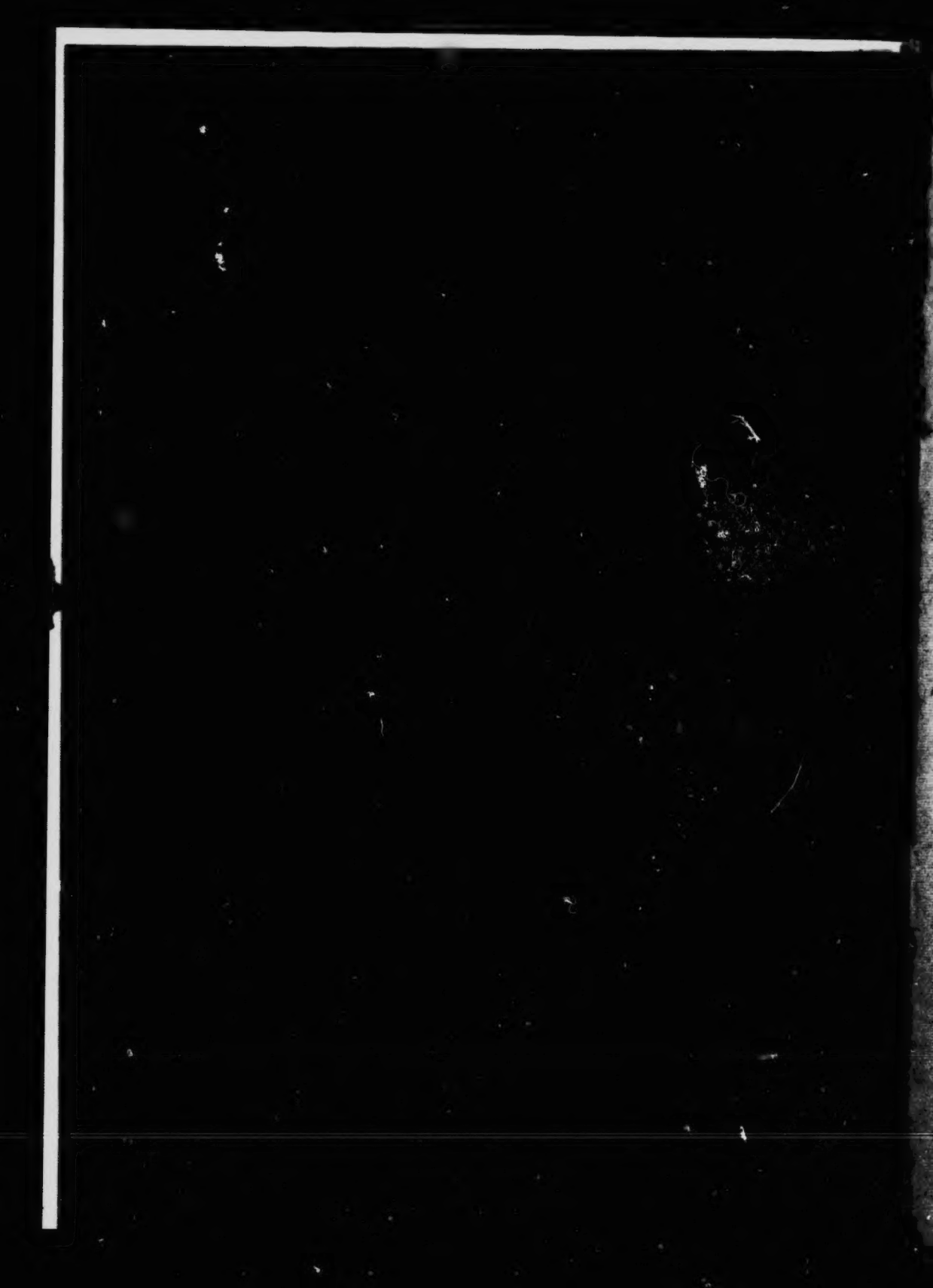

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ON

CANADIAN HISTORY

BY

T. CHISHOLM, M.D.

For use in Schools, Colleges, Dramatic Societies, Parlor Entertainments, Etc.

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PREFACE

In this short summary the bare facts of Canadian history have been so thoroughly condensed that little room has been left for poetical embellishments. Rhyme and the declamatory form have, however, been freely used as aids to the memory and as a means of inducing young people to take an interest in a subject which has been somewhat neglected.

If promptly and properly handled the whole of this short drama of Canadian history can be presented to a class or an audience in a little more than two hours.

Miss Canada may read her parts, but the others should be thoroughly memorized.

T. CHISHOLM.

Toronto, Ontario.

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THE DRAMA OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

Miss Canada,—It is our present purpose to make the "Drama of Canadian History" pass before your eyes. First I will recite the outline, after which we will introduce to you certain well-known historical personages.

THE HISTORY OF CANADA IN SIXTY LINES.

Columbus found the Western World in fourteen ninety-two,
But long ere this the Norsemen say of Vinland's vales they knew.
The Cabots sailed the north and east for England's king to claim;
Deny and Verrazano sought for France to gain the same.
Through Belle Isle Strait Jacques Cartier passed in fifteen thirty-four,
Explored the Gulf and claimed at once stern Gaspé's rugged shore.
Next year returned, the river scanned, Mount Royal fitly named,
A winter spent, some natives seized, much more for France he claimed.
To Canada once more he sailed in fifteen forty-one;
When Roberval, as chief, undid all France so far had done.
In vain Lery, and then La Roche, by means of exiled bands,
Resolved to found for France a realm on Sable Island's sands.
Though through De Monts, and rival claims, Champlain at Fundy failed,
Undaunted still, to found Quebec in sixteen eight he sailed.
He built the city, fought its foes, Lake Huron's bounds explored,
Then lost Quebec, which England's king by peace to France restored.
Some dauntless priests, like brave Brebeuf, 'mid fire, torture, pain,
When teaching friendly Huron tribes, by Iroquois were slain.
While Tracey, Frontenac, Beaucour, their forest foes effaced,
Marquette, La Salle and Joliet the Mississippi traced.
At Pemaquid, Schenectady, St. John and Hudson Bay
Bold Iberville met English foes o'er whom he won the day.
From Louisburg, Annapolis too, the French were forced to fly,
When scourged by raids New England's sons resolved to win or die.
Acadians long by French feuds torn or British arms coerced,
Were shipped at length to distant shores and there exiled, dispersed.
Two famous chiefs, Montcalm and Wolfe, were slain on Abra'm's plains,
When Pitt resolved to join Quebec to Britain's broad domains.
To please "New Subjects" Britain gave, in seventeen seventy-four,

Quebec an act—"French Civil Law"—and all Ohio's shore.
From Murray, Bouquet, Pontiac, Detroit and Bushy Run,
We come at length to Civil War by Boston men begun.
Montgomery slain and Arnold checked, Burgoyne in Carlton's place
At Saratoga met defeat, surrender, blame, disgrace.
Spain, France and Holland joined in league with Britain's rebel foes,
O'ercame Cornwallis, seized his arms, and saw the struggle close.
The thirteen States, united, free, forgetting freedom's laws,
Soon drove from home as exiles those who favored Britain's cause.
Great Britain gave them food and land, an extra province framed,
And then 'mid war in eighteen twelve their loyal deeds acclaimed.
Of bold Dollard, of Maid Vercheres, or Laura Secord brave,
Each hero thought, then rushed to arms, his home and friends to save.
Sir Isaac Brock, 'mid flying foes, at Queenston Heights was slain,
And Britons won at Chateauguay, Detroit and Lundy's Lane.
Of Chrystler's farm, of Stoney Creek, of Beaver Dams they tell,
But mourn o'er York, o'er Barclay's fleet, and how Tecumseh fell.
With peace proclaimed Canadians sought as fair and just demands
Complete control of taxes paid, of timber, mines and lands.
Mackenzie's friends, and Papineau's, at length resolved to fight,
But when they raised their rebel flags they soon were put to flight.
United Canada secured, when Durham's task was done,
A government responsible, in eighteen forty-one.
In six and twenty years again a British act defined
As federated Canada four provinces combined.
Macdonald, Tupper, Tilley, Galt and Mitchell, Cartier, Brown,
All joined to form a mighty realm beneath the British Crown.
No foreign rates, no Fenian raids, or western native scare
Could check a growth which stood the test of e'en the Trent affair.
It grew till now a vast domain from ocean shore to shore
Extends through nine provincial states three thousand miles or more.

CARTIER AND DONNACONA.

Scene 1.—Meeting of Cartier and Donnacona.

St. Lawrence River, 1535.

Miss Canada,—Shortly after the discovery of America, the Cabots for England, Cortereal for Portugal, and Deny and Verrazano for France, made separate voyages to what are now the Atlantic seaboards of Nova Scotia and Labrador. Afterwards, in 1534, Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, passed through the Strait of Belle Isle, explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and raised the lily flag of France on Gaspé Peninsula. In 1535 he returned, and when in the neighborhood of the Island of Orleans, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, he met and had an interview with Donnacona, a native prince and the ruler of the adjacent country.

(Enter Cartier and Donnacona.)

Donnacona:

Hail! Hail! Fair friends or pale-faced foes,
You trespass here! The cause disclose!
For peaceful trade your way is clear,
While war or strife you well may fear.
Five hundred braves behind me stand,
And many more are near at hand.
From Stadacona's Heights I came,
And Donnacona is my name.

Cartier:

Behold, dear Prince, the gifts we bring
From Francis First, our great French king.
If you the way to China show
These royal gifts we'll first bestow,
And then with those that 'round you range
We'll gay French goods for furs exchange.

Donnacona: *(giving a pipe to Cartier)*

This pipe's a pass for friends of mine.
At Hochelaga show this sign,
And there our guides will point the way

To China's shores without delay.
But know! Be warned! Your pathway's barred,
For fiery fiends our rivers guard.

Cartier:

We fear no fiends! We dread no fire!
To meet such foes we all desire!
We'll not delay! At once we'll start!
Accept these gifts and we'll depart!

Scene 2.—Cartier's Return.

The shore near the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, 1536.

Miss Canada,—Cartier visited Hochelaga during the autumn of 1535 and then returned and wintered near the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. During the spring of 1536, before leaving for France, he had another interview with Donnacona.

(Enter Cartier and Donnacona.)

Cartier:

Gay Hocheloga's surging crowd
Rejoiced, gave gifts, and friendship vowed.
Your pipe of peace the guides knew well
But nought of China could they tell.
Mount Royal named, the landscape scanned,
I hastened here, resumed command,
But all too late—the time was past
When ships could face your northern blast.
The cold increased, our clothes were thin,
Each said his prayers, confessed his sin,
Sought sheltered nook, or paced the shore
Till scurvy claimed a third or more
And doubtless all would soon have died
If you had not a cure supplied.
Cold, hungry, weak, in dark despair,
You gave us balsam, food and care.
So bring your chiefs aboard my boat,
And gently down the stream we'll float.
We'll feast! We'll drink! We'll sing your praise,
And cruise around a few short days,
Our parting gifts on friends bestow,
And then to dear old France we'll go.

Donnacona:

We'll join your feast! We love your wine!
My chiefs shall see how Frenchmen dine,
And each, I'm sure, with thankful heart
Will cheer and aid you till you start.

Cartier: *(aside)*

When free from here and far from land
We'll seize the chief and all his band.
In France we'll hold a grand review;
Impress the king, the people too.
An Indian Prince a captive brought
Should win the praise we all have sought.

Scene 3.—Donnacona's Lament.

France, 1539.

Miss Canada,—Cartier treacherously seized Donnacona and his chiefs and carried them to France where they soon died in captivity.

(Donnacona, dying in France, laments his sad fate.)

Donnacona:

Long, long I ruled my forest lands
Where freely roamed my dusky bands
But seized, betrayed, to France conveyed,
Like wild flower plucked I droop and fade!
Deemed gods at first, those white men base
Have robbed and wronged my native race.
Columbus marred his world wide fame
By seizing slaves where'er he came.
In Mexico and far Peru
The redman's wrongs were fearful too.
More, Cortereal's ships took o'er
A horde of slaves from Labrador.
Now Cartier cured, supplied with food,
So ill repaid my dark-eyed brood
That I, their prince, mocked, scorned, a slave,
In far-off France must seek a grave.

CHAMPLAIN.

Scene 1.—Champlain in Acadia.

Port Royal, 1604.

Miss Canada.—In 1603 the Sieur de Monts was given an extensive charter and a monopoly of the fur trade on condition that he would establish a colony in New France. Under this arrangement Champlain, acting for de Monts, built a fort and tried to form a settlement on St. Croix Island in Passamaquoddy Bay. After losing many of his men, and spending a terrible winter on that bleak and barren spot, he removed to Port Royal where Poutrincourt had located the previous year.

He is supposed to be discussing the prosperous condition of the colony with Lescarbot, a jolly Parisian lawyer, when a ship bringing bad news arrives from France.

(Enter Champlain, Lascarbot and Poutrincourt.)

Champlain:

I left Cross Isle in deep despair
While scurvy still was raging there.
Since then I've found search far or near,
No place excels Port Royal here;
And you, Lascarbot, think, I'm sure,
No fairer home you'll e'er secure.

Lascarbot:

I love the land, I like this place,
It suits our brave, gay, loyal race.
Our mill works well, our garden grows,
The natives here are friends, not foes.
The soil is good, rich furs abound,
Fine fish and game are all around;
Like lords in France we always dine
'Mid feasting friends, gay songs and wine.
No strife, no foe, no war is here,
We only need to persevere.

Messenger: (*Enter a messenger in haste*)
A ship! A ship! A ship at last!
The Lily Flag adorns her mast!
Come one, come all! Come hear the news,
The price of furs, King Henry's views!

Champlain: (*Enter captain of ship*)
Hold, Captain, hold! What news from France?
Does brave de Monts make much advance?
Secures he now the king's good will,
And does he hold his charter still?

Captain:
The king is wroth, de Monts disgraced,
Port Royal's charter now effaced!
Make haste! My ship's at yonder shore!
'Twill speed you back to France once more.

Poutrincourt:
(*Enter Indian chief.*)
Dear Membertrou, great Sagmore chief;
You've come, no doubt, to share our grief.

Membertrou:
The sun will shine, the winds will blow,
Our mighty tides still ebb and flow;
Yet shall I now no longer see
Fair friends prepare fine feasts for me
No welcome ships, I greatly fear,
Will come to trade for furs each year.
No more your shout, your laugh, your song,
Will sound these wooded shores along.
If you must go, I sadly say,
Come back! Come back! Make no delay!

Poutrincourt:
I love this spot, I'll love it still!
I'll soon come back, dear chief, I will.
The king of France is wise and kind,
When all is known he'll change his mind.

Champlain:
As Poutrincourt's whole heart is here
I'll seek no more to interfere.
Long since I saw a peerless height

Near Stadacona's former site,
And there I hope to found a town
Of future fame and great renown.
Thus, Poutrincourt, my loyal friend,
The king's domains we'll both extend.

Scene 2.—Champlain in New France.
Quebec City, 1616.

Miss Canada,—Champlain, who had returned from France, and founded Quebec City in 1608, visited the Huron country in 1615, and joined in an unfortunate war against the Iroquois. He was wounded and detained so long that he was given up for dead.

Etienne Jonquest, about to be married to Anne Hebert, suddenly sees Champlain approaching and, forgetting even the marriage ceremony, announces the joyful news to the crowd.

(*Enter the marriage party.*)

Jonquest:

Look! Look! Here comes our friend Champlain
For whom we long have sought in vain.
Quebec has mourned her chief, her head,
No hope remained, we thought him dead.
Give one great cry, one rousing cheer,
One shout, "Champlain, you're welcome here."

(*All cheer as Champlain and Daroutat, an Indian chief, enter.*)

Champlain:

Your kindly cheer has touched my heart,
From such firm friends no more I'll part.
When first I left I steered my course
To Ottawa's most distant source,
Lakes Nipissing and Huron viewed,
Along their shores our course pursued,
A hundred bays and islands scanned,
At length we reached the Huron land.
The good Pere Caron there we found
With pagan pupils all around.
The Huron chiefs who'd planned a raid
Now sought my arms, advice and aid.
As twice before I'd met their foe
I soon agreed again to go.

O'er portage, lakes and rivers too
Each bore or rowed his bark canoe.
Ontario we paddled o'er
But when we reached its southern shore
The restless crowd we should have led
Ran here and there, heard nought we said,
Until Oneida reached at length
We saw its stern, imposing strength,
Strong palisades, full thirty feet,
Meant loss of life, perchance defeat.
From platforms raised above the wall
Three friends who fired saw three foes fall.
The Hurons then rushed forth to fight
But just as quickly took to flight.
Unaided thus I met defeat,
And made a weary, long retreat.
The Huron chiefs who'd made a vow
To guide me home all left me now.
I drooped and sank, found no relief,
Till nursed and fed by this kind chief.
Give Daroutat one good French cheer,—
He saved my life and brought me here.

(All cheer)

Daroutat:

Your noble chief was not to blame;
The Hurons played a foolish game.
They thought the Iroquois would run
Did great Champlain but point his gun,
That he alone would burn the town
And blow its posts and pillars down,
That they would thus great honors gain
Through brave deeds done by bold Champlain.

Jonquest:

We thank you, chief, for what you've done,
The time you've lost, the risks you've run,
And when you choose to leave the town
With royal gifts we'll load you down.
Three cheers for Daroutat!
Hip! Hip! Hurrah!
Hip! Hip! Hurrah!
Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

Scene 3.—Death of Champlain.

Quebec City, 1635.

Miss Canada,—Shortly after Champlain's death, Louis Hebert, a son of the first real farmer who settled at Quebec meets and has a conversation with Nicholas Marcelot, a man who had been reprimanded by the late governor.

(Enter Louis Hebert and Nicholas Marcelot.)

Hebert:

Quebec may well the future dread
Champlain, her friend and founder, dead!
A brave, good man, true, wise, sincere.
In sixteen-three he first came here.
Each bay he sought to know, explore,
From Chesapeake to Labrador.
He raised a fort on bleak Cross Isle,
Port Royal claimed his aid awhile,
Then back he came, surveyed this site,
Its rocky ramparts, dizzy height,
Its rugged brow, its frowning face,
The rivers winding 'round its base,
Its well-protected level rear,—
And then Quebec he founded here

Marcelot:

Forgetful friend, do you not know
Jacques Cartier came here long ago?
That Roberval remained a year
On this same site or somewhere near?

Hebert:

I know full well Champlain prevailed
Where Roberval and Cartier failed,
That scurvy, cold and native ire
Made those two men ere long retire.
Then why not count as founder here
The man with faith to persevere?
A man so great, so just, so wise
That e'en his foes expressed surprise.
To Huron tribes, his special care,
He oft gave aid he ill could spare.

He sent them priests from France and Rome,
And travelled far to see their home.
The Iroquois, the Frenchman's foe,
He met in war and oft laid low.
His will to work for Church and Flag
Was never known to fail or lag.

Marcelot:

And yet Champlain made no great stand
When Kirke came here to seize our land.
He saw New France to England go
And never struck a single blow,
Just lowered his flag, gave up the key,
Threw down his sword and crossed the sea.

Hebert:

Champlain was wise, his course was right.
With starving men too weak to fight,
No aid, no hope, he sheathed his sword
Yet saw Quebec to France restored.
Once more he ruled, the country throve,
Once more for Church and King he strove—
No more, alas! He'll now achieve,
He passed away on Christmas Eve.

MEETING OF THE SUPREME OR SOVEREIGN COUNCIL OF NEW FRANCE.

Scene.—Quebec City, 1666.

Miss Canada,—In the year 1666 when Tracy was Viceroy, Courcelles Governor, Talon Intendant, and Laval Bishop of New France, the King placed the management of affairs in the hands of a Sovereign or Supreme Council.

Tracy is supposed to ask this Council to discuss the daring and threatening attitude of the Iroquois.

(Council seated, Enter Tracy, Courcelles, Talon and Bishop Laval.)

Tracy:

The Iroquois from far and near
Will raid New France, I greatly fear.
My nephew, Chasy, has been slain,
And missing friends we seek in vain,
While dusky forms are skulking 'round
In swamps, in woods and broken ground.

As these stern foes were drawing near
I thought it wise to call you here.

Courcelles:

I led, you know, a winter raid
Resolved to storm some strong stockade.
We marched and marched through leagues of snow,
But failed to find in force the foe
Algonquin guides went oft astray,
While Mohawks smiled and slipped away.

Talon:

Though things look grave we need not fear,
New France has still some heroes here.
Leonides saved Greece 'tis said,
He fought three days 'mid heaps of dead.
Horatius held the bridge at Rome,
And thus preserved his friends and home.
Our own Dollard was just as brave,
Did just as much his friends to save,
With sixteen Frenchmen held his ground
'Gainst native foes massed all around.
Eight days they fought, exchanging blows
With seven hundred dusky foes,
And then weak, hungry, thirsty, sore,
Each, fighting, fell to rise no more.

Bishop Laval:

I love not war, I long for peace,
But now, I grant, mild means must cease.
The Iroquois deserve their fate,
Our priests they burn, our Church they hate.
The holy Joques they maimed and slew,
Good Daniel died a martyr too.
While brave Brébeuf 'mid tortures sore
And all the scorn and taunts he bore,
Spake through the flames to those around
Of Heaven, of saints, and martyrs crowned.
But hush! Here comes a Mohawk chief!
Be on your guard! Trust not! Be brief!

Tracy:

Bold Agriata, why come here
When Mohawk hordes in arms are near?

Agriata:

As time goes on our claims increase,
Rich gifts, not war, will bring you peace.

Tracy:

My nephew's slain! First I must know
Whose dastard hand struck that vile blow!

Agriata:

If you would know who took his life
View this strong arm and this long knife!

Tracy:

And dare you boast of this to me?
Guards, hang this wretch on yon high tree!

(To the Council.)

Now grant me counsel, aid and care!
The King's Caringans I'll prepare.
We'll crush these fierce, bold, restless foes,
Around their towns and homes we'll close,
We'll burn their camps, destroy their food,
And scatter far their haughty brood.
When hungry, humbled, weakened, cold,
They'll cease to be so fierce and bold.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN NEW FRANCE.

Scene.—A farm near Quebec, 1667.

Miss Canada,—Jean Buordon is supposed to welcome his former friend, Louis Hubert, to New France. Louis appears to have been discouraged by people he has met on the way from France. Jean enthusiastically defends his new home.

Jean:

I'll soon forget the weary past
For here's my friend from France at last.
To you, dear Louis, best of friends,
New France a worthy home extends.
Behold the land! See there your farm,
The view superb, the soil a charm.
Good grain is grown, rare furs are sold,
These maple trees and oaks mean gold.
In these pure streams fine fish are found
While herds of deer are all around.
To church and school we give a share

For this rich growth a tithe can spare.
We hunt, we fish, lead happy lives!
Our only lack is want of wives.

Louis:

This land is leased but never sold,
The king still claims it all, I'm told.
No voice, no share in making laws,
You just obey and give applause.
The seigneur's mill grinds all your grain,
He takes and tolls, none dare complain.
His store alone supplies your needs,
And well you pay for all he cedes!
You buy and sell but those who freight
On favored ships arrange the rate.
A married man, with maids unwed,
Must pay a fine as family head.
And now a law your chiefs have made
Bars single men from chase and trade.
When thus kept poor through all your life
No wonder, Jean, you lack a wife.

Jean:

Though much you say, no doubt, is true,
I love New France, and so will you.
In this fair land a man may chance
To save as much as ten in France.
For furs I caught and sold last year
I've still a hundred guineas here.
And as for wives, the king now aids
By sending out shiploads of maids.

Louis:

When near Quebec we saw land there
Six hundred, handsome, young and fair.
So you, dear Jean, may well rejoice.
Make haste! Stay not! Secure first choice!

Jean:

Come, Louis, come! We both need wives!
Without a mate no farmer thrives!

Louis:

I'll go at once! We'll run! We'll fly!
We're off, good friends! Good-bye! Good-bye!

FRONTENAC.

Scene 1.—The Founding of Fort Frontenac.

The mouth of the Cat··· ···ui River, 1673.

Miss Canada,—Frontenac was appointed Governor of New France in 1672. To intercept the Indian trade which was being diverted to Albany, he resolved to found Fort Frontenac at the mouth of the Cataraqui River on Lake Ontario. La Salle was sent to collect the Iroquois. The natives were greatly impressed by the magnificent display and the immense retinue with which Frontenac marched to the place of meeting. He called the Iroquois "children," said nothing about a fort, but told them he was about to establish a storehouse for their accommodation.

(La Salle addresses the assembled and waiting Iroquois.)

La Salle:

Dear Iroquois, I'm pleased, I'm proud,
To see this vast, this surging crowd
All gathered here from south and west
To meet our chief at my request.
Behold the pomp, the mighty train,
Of our best chief since great Champlain!
Brave, wise and stern, he's kind and true,
And well prepared for trade with you.

(Enter Frontenac.)

Frontenac:

As fathers meet their children dear,
My forest friends, I greet you here.
As children love a father too
I count on loyal love from you.
I'll make you gifts, erect a store,
And win your trade for France once more.

Big Mouth:

Onontio, our guiding star,
Our father, friend and hope you are.
Your presence charms the woods and air,

All nature now seems fresh and fair.
The sun is bright, the stars are clear,
The trees sing songs when you are near.
We'll give you love, respect and aid,
And more, New France shall have our trade.

Frontenac:

I thank you, friends, for what you say,
Just one more thought I'll now convey!
To spare the rod may spoil the child.
With those I love I'm oft too mild;
Yet should you err as children might,
I'll claim and use a father's right.

Scene 2.—La Salle's Return to Quebec.

Quebec City, 1679.

Miss Canada,—In 1679 La Salle set out to explore the Mississippi River and thus secure its fruitful valley for France. The loss of the Griffin and two other supply ships, compelled him, however, to return to Quebec after he had reached the Illinois River and built a fort on its banks.

Frontenac, thinking La Salle had abandoned the enterprise, chides him for returning.

(Enter La Salle.)

Frontenac:

La Salle! La Salle! Why come you here?
Why not, I ask, still persevere?
The worthy task you had in mind
The Mississippi's mouth to find,
Would crown your life, would bring you fame,
And cause all France to praise your name.
Marquette and Joliet stood amazed
When first on that great stream they gazed;
And Hennipen has traced its course
To somewhere near its northern source.
Then why not you, I frankly ask,
Complete your self-appointed task,
And see for France two gulfs combined
By lands through which two rivers wind?

La Salle:

Dear Frontenac, my honored friend,
That mighty stream I'll soon descend.
At Crevecoeur first, I may report,
I built and manned a strong French fort.
But ships went down, supplies were lost;
I hastened here, arranged the cost,
Returned and found the fortress bare,—
E'en trusty Tonti was not there.
His men proved false, seized all and fled.
Long, long, I mourned dear Tonti dead!
But still he lives, one faithful friend
On whom I know I may depend.
I'll raise more funds, succeed or die,
On that, dear friend, you may rely.

Scene 3.—Frontenac in Old France.
A Hall in Paris.

Miss Canada,—While La Salle was away exploring the Mississippi Frontenac was replaced by La Barre, who did not favor Frontenac's friends. La Salle however, visited France and secured from the king four vessels with which to make the attempt to found a colony on the Mississippi.

(Frontenac in old France, longing to hear from La Salle, finally meets and questions Joutel whom he knew to have gone with La Salle.)

Frontenac:

La Salle delays! He lingers long!
No news arrives! There's something wrong!
The Mississippi's mouth he found,
But marked not well the shore around.
To far Quebec his way he traced
To find his friends by foes replaced.
At length to France he found his way,
The king was pleased, made no delay,
Bade four fine ships go, claim, explore,
The Mississippi's fruitful shore.

(Enter Joutel.)

Why come alone, Joutel, my friend?
Has brave La Salle met some sad end?

Joutel:

One ship some pirates quickly seized,
La Salle was harsh and oft displeased.
He sailed too far to west and south,
And thus we missed the river's mouth.
No Mississippi could be found.
A laden ship next ran aground.
Thus weak, discouraged, sick and sore,
We reached a damp, unhealthy shore.
Beaujau set sail for France at length,
And thus decreased our means and strength.
Our one last ship we ill could spare
Soon sank and left us stranded there.
To reach Quebec we then essayed;
No braver start was ever made,
Until La Salle, shot through the brain
By vile Duhaut, was basely slain.
At length we reached brave Tonti's men,
And made our way to France again.

Scene 4.—Frontenac's Return.

Quebec City.

Miss Canada,—Denonville, who succeeded La Barre, deceived and antangonized the Iroquois, and thus paved the way for the fearful massacre of Lachine. The king was therefore very glad to recall Frontenac, who not only broke the power of the Iroquois, but defeated Sir William Phipps, who came from Boston with a great fleet and army to conquer Quebec.

(Enter Setting Sun, an Indian Chief.)

Frontenac:

To Setting Sun, great chief, old friend,
A father's greeting I extend.

Setting Sun:

As now you fill your former place
Some past events I'll briefly trace.
Denonville's peace betrayed those friends
On whom New France for trade depends.
"The Rat" resolved this peace to spoil

And thus the Iroquois to foil.
By acting well a double part
He roused at last their chiefs to start,
With pomp and paint and cruel cry,
Resolved to crush the French or die.
'Mid ruined homes, 'mid blood and fire
On fair Lachine they wrecked their ire.
Denonville failed to face these foes.
A fearful cry for vengeance rose,—
A cry of scorn, of shame, disgrace,
That one so weak should fill your place.
But now o'er lake and wood and stream
The great Onontio is the theme.
Schenectady or Salmon Falls,
Like Casco Bay your name recalls.
Long may you live, my noble friend,
To guard the trade our tribes may send.

(Exit Setting Sun and enter Iberville.)

Frontenac:

Dear Iberville, a hero true,
Long, long, I've wished to meet with you.
Your o'erland march to Hudson Bay
In England caused complete dismay.
Schenectady you seized and sacked,
And Pemequid with ease attacked.
In Newfoundland your arms prevailed;
For far Port Nelson next you sailed.
There three great ships opposed your way,
The "Hampshire," "Daring," "Hudson Bay."
Your one lone ship a broadside poured,
The "Hampshire" sank with all on board.
You seized and held the "Hudson Bay,"
And then the "Daring" ran away!
Your own ship sank, your men reached land
Wounded and weak, a weary band,
Yet on you rushed, no stop, no lag.
Till o'er Port Nelson waved your flag.
But one I know, the maid Vercheres
Bold deeds like yours would ever dare.

Iberville:

For no more honors need I care
If you my deeds with hers compare;
So quick, so calm, so young, so wise,
Her one brave act all mine outvies.
Her father gone, the troops away,
She left the fort to romp and play,
When quick as flashing lightning stroke
O'er vale and wood a war-cry broke!
The Iroquois, a hideous crowd,
With fearful howls fierce vengeance vowed.
They spied the maid, they saw her run,
Each painted brave discharged his gun.
She feigned to fall, the bullets passed,
She reached and closed the gate at last.
With brothers aged, one twelve, one ten,
She put two posts in place again;
Doffed bonnet next and little shawl,
Snatched hat and gun from fortress wall.
Through portholes then she quickly fired
And thus her two young aids inspired.
The boys seized guns and used them too
As each fierce foeman came in view.
With eagle eye the maiden spied
In dark recess two soldiers hide.
With lighted match across the floor
One quickly neared the powder store.
"Come back," she cried, "be not afraid!
Come here like men and give me aid!
You, Jacques, make that great cannon roar,
And Jule, come here and guard the door!
But see," she cried, "in yon frail boat,
Man, wife and child in peril float.
Now boldly to the shore I'll go,
And beckon them in here to row.
I'll show no sign that I'm afraid,—
The foe will think some trap is laid."
Just as she thought, no foe appeared,
Because some plot or scheme they feared.
Then all night long from block house tower,
One guard cried boldly every hour,

"All here is well! All here is well!"
The fort a like response would tell.
The foe she thus six days deceived,
The fort was then by friends relieved.
No braver act was ever done,
No greater victory ever won!

(Enter Cabrais, a Souriquois chief.)

Cabrais:

Dear Frontenac, our chief, our head,
With you in France our trade was dead.
But natives now far north and west,
By Iroquois so long oppressed,
Have loads of furs they wish to trade,
But fear a path by foes waylaid.
So guard you well their river's shore
And they'll all come to trade once more.

Frontenac:

Dear children, note a father's care,
I sent Beaucour to winter there,
And those fierce foes your friends so dread
Are numbered now among the dead.
The Iroquois now fear my arms;
No more they raid our towns and farms,
Three Mohawk camps I seized and burned,
And soon with captive hordes returned.
Then Boston sent Sir William Phipps
To storm Quebec with thirty ships.
At yon stern rock some shots he fired,
And then, disgraced, in haste retired.
So bring your furs, the way is clear,
Your dreaded foes will not appear.

BOSTON'S EXPEDITION AGAINST QUEBEC.

Boston, 1711.

Miss Canada,—Calliares, Frontenac's successor, made peace with the Iroquois. The next governor, Vaudreuil, continued the raids on New England border towns. Church and March retaliated by raiding Acadia. In 1711 Britain sent out a great fleet under the command of Sir Hovenden Walker who was to aid Boston and New England in capturing Quebec.

Governor Dudley of Boston and his friend General Schuyler, are supposed to discuss the failure of the expedition.

(Enter Dudley and Schuyler.)

Governor Dudley:

Ah, Schuyler, Schuyler, hear the news!
Our fleet has fled! No foe pursues!
By bloody border raids and fire,
Quebec, you know, roused Boston's ire.
To seize and burn that robbers' den
We sent by sea twelve thousand men,
While Nicholson, near Lake Champlain,
Prepared by land a strong campaign.
Our fleet through Walker, chief and guide,
When near Quebec was turned aside.
No ships were met, no French, no foes,
But while astray a storm arose.
No soundings made, no reckonings found,
Some laden ships soon ran aground.
Thus Walker lost a thousand men
And fled disgraced for home again.
He took with him land-leader Hill,
But not, 'tis said, against his will.
So thus betrayed our mighty fleet
Is speeding home in full retreat.

Schuyler:

Great Britain long has been to blame,
Oft promised aid that never came!
And now has sent two weaklings here
Who fled before a foe came near.

Dudley:

As Hovenden Walker's warlike peer
Jack Hill, no doubt, was sent out here.
They made for flight a well matched pair—
Such rapid runners must be rare!

Schuyler:

Though thus deprived of British aid
New England's sons are not afraid.
But Nicholson at Lake Champlain
Cannot alone our cause maintain.
What will he say? What can he do
When told that Walker's flight is true?

Dudley:

Though Nicholson must now return,
Quebec, ere long, we'll storm and burn.
New England's homes we'll thus defend
And midnight raids by Frenchmen end.

THE FIRST CAPTURE OF LOUISBOURG.

Boston, 1745.

Miss Canada.—After France gave up Acadia by the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, she proceeded at once to build up Louisbourg, an almost impregnable fortress on the island of Cape Breton. Governor Shirley of Boston sent out an expedition which captured this immense stronghold in 1745.

Fearing French retaliation he calls the citizens of Boston together, gives them particulars of the expedition, and warns them that a great French fleet may be on its way to attack Boston.

(Enter Shirley and a group of citizens.)

Shirley:

Dear Boston friends, I greatly fear
A hostile fleet may soon be here.

At Utrecht France resigned her sway
O'er Newfoundland and Hudson Bay.
All right to rule Acadia too
She there at length, in full, withdrew.

But though Acadians changed their king
To France they still desired to cling.
More, Louisbourg, Cape Breton's fort,
Intrigued to win for France support.
To seize that fort, as you know well,
Our fleet was sent with Pepperell.
The French, at first, he quickly drove
From points around Freshwater cove.
Grand Batt'ry seized, a French ship caught,
Our guns to Lighthouse Point were brought.
Then ships were sunk or burned in port,
And shot and shell rained o'er the fort,
Until the French gave up the town,
And our brave boys won great renown.
As earthquakes heave or wild waves toss
All France was moved by this great loss.
A strong French fleet, the king declared,
Should burn this town, so be prepared!

(Enter Vaughan.)

Vaughan:

Rejoice! Rejoice! Let joy-bells ring!
To Boston's chief good news I bring!
Our homes are safe! The Storm King good
Still guards e'en here the Sea King's brood.
The great French fleet, by tempests tossed
Is scattered, shattered, ruined, lost!
D'anville, that haughty fleet's first guide,
O'ercome by loss and grief soon died.
And D'Estournal, who took his place,
Chose self-wrought death as less disgrace.
These chiefs had thought great names to make,
That Louisbourg they'd soon retake,
That Boston too they'd sack and burn,
And thus avenged to France return,

Shirley:

Good news indeed! Relief to know
That storms have crushed our boastful foe!
As Heaven has proved our shield and friend
Let Boston's thanks to Heaven ascend.

THE EXILE OF THE ACADIANS.

Halifax, 1755.

Miss Canada,—Port Royal was captured by the New Englanders under Vetch in 1710, and three years after Acadia was finally ceded by France to Britain. Louisbourg and Beausejour were then built, fortified and used as points for French intrigues with the Acadians and Indians. This led to the catpure of Beauséjour by the British under Moncton in 1755, and later, during the same year, to the expulsion and exile of six thousand Acadians, who were conveyed to the Atlantic sea-board of Britain's American colonies. The next spring a number of these exiles made their way back to Boston.

These, wishing to return to their former homes, send Pierre Melancon, one of their number, to plead their cause with Governor Lawrence of Halifax

(Enter Lawrence, followed by Melancon.)

Melancon:

Acadia's chief, through you I bring
A humble prayer to Britain's king.
For exiled friends, now far away,
I beg, I plead, I humbly pray.

While still on farms in peace employed,
Their homes were burned, their food destroyed,
All, old and young, the ill, the weak,
Compelled, 'mid foes, new homes to seek.
Their wrongs, their ways, their speech unknown,
As Britain's foes no kindness shown,
For winter's storms but ill supplied,
The strong have lived, the weak have died.
Those left still mourn their native land,
And sadly rue their former stand,
They'll take the oath, no offer spurn,
If you but say they may return.

Lawrence:

Those exiled French were Britain's foes,
At Beausejour in arms they rose.
By France inspired, employed, mislead,
They kept our land in constant dread.
To Britain's crown and Britain's heir
Allegiance long they failed to swear.
Of sly French spies and guides composed
Our plans and ways they oft exposed.
With these false friends now scattered far
We calmly wait the coming war.

Melancon:

Those neutral French stood oft aloof,—
Of graver crimes there's lack of proof,
The first to come, make homes, remain,
Joined Poutrincourt and young Champlain.
Long, long, they cleared and tilled the soil
And learned to live by honest toil.
Quebec loved more the rich fur trade,
Or some New England town to raid.
All French are foes," stern Boston cried,
When strong Quebec her arms defied.
Acadians thus unjustly bore
New England's vengeance o'er and o'er.
De Monts, La Tour and Charnisay,
Acadian chiefs, had each his day.
And France had yielded all her claim,
And Britain long assumed the same,
Ere Shirley, Boston's chief, devised
The cruel course which you advised,
When this fierce storm last autumn broke
O'er these poor, peaceful, harmless folk.

Lawrence:

Cease, Melancon, you plead in vain!
Your friends in exile must remain!
With war with France now full in view
Our former course we'll still pursue.

Melancon:

Forever then you'll share the shame,
And bear with Shirley all the blame.

THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE.

Paris, 1763.

Miss Canada,—When Pitt came to power in Britain a determined effort was made to capture New France. Wolfe defeated Montcalm at Quebec, 1759. At Montreal the whole of Canada was surrendered to Amherst in 1760. According to the terms of the surrender the French troops were sent to France in British ships.

The leaders appear before King Louis and describe the efforts which they made to save the colony.

(King Louis seated. Enter Levis, Marin, Ligneris, Bourlamaque and others.) (Levis addresses the king.)

Levis:

Behold brave men who long have fought
And won high honors, dearly bought.
A war-worn crowd, a grand array,
Deign, Sire, to note what each may say.

Marin:

Though now New France we claim no more
A patient hearing we implore.
That friends in France at least may know
How bravely Frenchmen faced the foe
Although Quebec they failed to hold,
Our recent record we'll unfold.
From Louisbourg, I first may tell,
We sought to draw bold Pepperell.
We planned to seize Annapolis town
And pull its forts and ramparts down.
But all our men could do or dare
Left Britons still the masters there.
At Fort Le Boeuf, my next command,
We strove to guard that western land.
O'er Washington our arms prevailed,
When that far land he first assailed;
And Braddock's army fled dismayed
When he the self-same task essayed.

Then Grant was beaten, captured too,
Ere France from Fort Duquesne withdrew.
With Rogers' Rangers next we fought,
To save Niagara lastly sought.
But though we gave Pouchot support
Bold British Johnson seized the fort.

Ligneris:

Our troops from Fort Duquesne withdrew,—
No other course they could pursue.
They firmly held that distant land,
And could their foes with ease withstand,
Until Fort Frontenac's surprise
Deprived the west of all supplies.
Then short of arms and clothes and food,
No means to please the native brood,
With Britain's army near at hand,
Men, fort and guns their sure demand,—
To foil the foe Duquesne we burned,
And with its stores to friends returned.

Bourlamaque:

To save New France Montcalm was sent,
Nor need we now that choice repent.
A hopeless cause was never led
By braver, wiser, better head,
To awe the natives, win support,
He seized and burned Oswego Fort;
And then, ere long, those points assailed
Where Dieskau had so lately failed.
He gave the foe no time to rest,
Fort William Henry's siege he pressed,
Until Munroe surrendered all,
And lily flags adorned the wall.

Levis:

Next year when Abercrombie came
Montcalm pursued a waiting game.
'Gainst fallen trees and sharpened stakes,
'Gainst marshes, pits, stern rocks and lakes,
The British strove, but strove in vain,
Though three to one in this campaign.
O'er friends impaled 'mid brush and trees
Six times they sought our camp to seize.

Then, leaving wounded, sick, and dead,
Weak Abercrombie turned and fled.
Thus, overcome by false alarms,
He left great stores of food and arms.

Bourlamaque:

Meantime we learned that toward the east
Great Britain's prestige had increased;
That France had failed to hold secure
Both Louisbourg and Beauséjour.
The latter fortress Moncton won
When this sad war was first begun,
And Wolfe and Amherst gained renown
When Louisbourg's French flag came down.
So now to all the way seemed clear
For Wolfe to seize Quebec next year.
That far-famed town to guard with care
Montcalm and Levis hastened there.
While I was left at Lake Champlain
To check Great Britain's next campaign.
Though Pitt increased the next year's force
With five small ships we barred its course.
Ticonderoga first destroyed,
Crown Point we left for Britain void;
And then before a shot was fired
To Ile-aux-Noir our troops retired,
While 'gainst our ships on Lake Champlain
Bold Amherst's landsmen strove in vain.

Levis:

While Bourlamaque, as just explained,
Near Lake Champlain on guard remained,
Montcalm undaunted, wise and brave,
Was forming plans Quebec to save.
Because to scale yon high rock bare
He knew no foe would ever dare,
He trenched and threw up earthen walls
As far as Montmorency Falls.
Quebec he left in Ramesay's hand,
Made Beauport Height his central stand
And there prepared to strike a blow
'Gainst Britain's fleet or other foe.
To Isle Orleans Wolfe came at length,
Seized Levy Point, increased its strength.

Below the Falls he then passed o'er
And fixed his camp on that north shore.
Ere long he found a low-tide ford
And sent great ships with guns aboard
To guard his men while passing through.
They passed and fought but soon withdrew.
Then Bourlamaque became afraid
And I was sent to give him aid.
I took a thousand stalwart men
Who did not see Quebec again
Till Wolfe, who still for Britain strove,
Had forced his way through Fuller's Cove,
And fought the fight on Abr'ham's Plain
Where both Montcalm and he were slain.
More, Townsend's men had seized the town
And pulled our lily flags all down.
But still our men were not dismayed,
One gallant effort more they made,
Next spring when Murray barred the way
They seized St. Foye and won the day,
And might have gained the town and fort
If France had only sent support.
But Britain's fleet arrived at last
And thus our chance to win slipped past.
To Montreal we then withdrew
We held our ground all summer too;
But autumn saw our foes advance
While still no aid had come from France.
With three great armies 'gainst us joined,
With funds and stores by friends purloined,
Outnumbered five to one, 'twas vain
The cause of France to still maintain.
At Montreal the terms were signed,
To Britain all New France resigned.
The Church retains her former place,
No loss of rights our kinsman face,
And Amherst since has sent our men
In British ships to France again.

King Louis:

While thus you fought, no hope, no aid,
E'en foes admired the stand you made.

LORD DORCHESTER.

Quebec. 1784.

Miss Canada,—After the final surrender of the French forces at Montreal, New France was held under military rule and wisely governed by General Murray until it was formally ceded to Britain in 1763. Murray was appointed the first Governor of Canada. He held office for a short time and was then succeeded by Sir Guy Carleton, who by this time had received the title of Lord Dorchester.

(Enter Lord Dorchester and Chief Justice Smith.)

Lord Dorchester:

Chief Justice Smith, we need your aid
As some new laws must soon be made.
When Murray ruled by force of arms,
He pleased Quebec and soothed alarms;
But when he changed to English laws
The French, at once, found faults and flaws,
While four-score Britons, calm and cool,
Proclaimed that they alone should rule.
To change these laws, so oft attacked,
Great Britain gave Quebec an Act,
Secured the Church her former dues,
Let every man express his views,
Kept criminals in proper awe,
And, more, restored French Civil Law.
So Ethan Allen failed to find
The French to rebel ways inclined;
And Arnold, who still later came,
Found friends, not foes, to Britain's name,
But rebels won. The States were free,
And Britain's friends compelled to flee,
Because for King and Crown they stood.
Deprived of lands, of homes and food,
To Nova Scotia thousands went,
And then for friends and kindred sent;
While Lake Ontario's northern shore

Provided homes for thousands more.
Thus Canada has gained new friends
On whom her future now depends,
But these can see no use or cause
For seigneur's claims or old French laws.
In fact, some boldly now declare
In these strange laws they'll never share.
So now, dear Smith, some plan unfold
Both British friends and French to hold.

Smith:

Divide the province! Let each race
Make local laws to suit its case,
And then let British states agree
To federate from sea to sea.
More, let this union's chiefs make known
Broad general laws, and those alone.
'Tis thus, I'm told, your recent foes
Of all their local jars dispose.

Dorchester:

The present province we'll divide!
We'll let the parts grow side by side
Until, perhaps, some future day,
For your great plan we'll find a way.

SIR FREDERICK HALDIMAND AND MARY BRANT.

Quebec, 1784.

Miss Canada,—At the close of the Revolutionary War the Iroquois, who had aided Britain in that struggle, were deprived of a home by the cession of their country to the United States. Mary Brant, a Mohawk princess, and the widow of the celebrated British General, Sir William Johnson, has an interview with Sir Frederick Haldimand, Governor-General of Canada.

(Enter Sir Frederick Haldimand and Mary Brant.)

Mary Brant:

Sir Frederick Haldimand, my friend,
On your kind care I now depend.
As brave Sir William Johnson's wife
I've aided Britain all my life.

My brother, Joseph Brant, you know,
Oft faced the French or rebel foe.
No British goods he ere purloined,
Or native rising ever joined.
When Bouquet's force at Bushy Run
O'er native hordes a vict'ry won;
When Pontiac's pretended sports
Deprived your king of nine strong forts;
When all believed Detroit must fall;
Brant heeded not his kindred's call.
Sir William, who no trouble spared,
The native tribes for peace prepared.
His words had weight with old and young
Because he spoke their mother tongue.
He captured Dieskau's stores and men;
He seized and named Lake George again;
And, more, he took Niagara too
Before Pouchet his force withdrew.
Yet now, by peace, of land bereft,
Our Mohawk braves are homeless left,
I therefore beg, I humbly plead,
On bended knees I intercede,
That you will grant our loyal race
On British soil a resting place.

Haldimand:

You know the river Grand, or Ouse,
Quite large enough for your canoes,
To Erie Lake it gently flows,
And still enlarges as it goes.
We'll grant six miles on either side
Where loyal Mohawks may reside,
And when your tribes all settle down
We'll name the center Brantford town.

THE WAR OF 1812.

Toronto, 1816.

Miss Canada,—The War of 1812 was caused by Britain's insisting on searching American ships for British seamen who had deserted.

(Enter Governor Sir John Sherbrooke and General Sir Gordon Drummond.)

Governor Sir John Sherbrooke:

While France in arms held Britain down
That Bonaparte might seize her crown,
Eight million Anglo-Saxon foes
Along our southern border rose.
They sought to seize our homes and land,
And rob once more loyal band.
Our numbers then were only small,
Three hundred thousand souls in all.
Our force seemed weak, our foes seemed strong,
But we were right and they were wrong,
And those who fight for home and kin
In honest cause are sure to win.

(Enter Sir John Harvey, the hero of Stoney Creek.)

And now, Sir John, as you are here,
Please briefly sketch brave Brock's career.

Sir John Harvey:

Fort Mackinaw he quickly seized
And this our native friends so pleased
That Chief Tecumseh struck a blow
That filled with fear our boastful foe,
Then Hull, dismayed by Brock's stern course,
Gave up Detroit and all its force.
So Brock ere long marched home again
With full two thousand captured men.
This cheered our friends, for well they knew
That Brock had some bold plan in view,
But these fond dreams were quickly changed
By Provot's truce, in haste arranged.

The foe increased by this delay
Reached Queenston Heights one autumn day.
They crossed at night Niagara's gorge,
While Brock remained at far Fort George.
When warned, on Craig's fleet horse he sped,
Roused some "Green Tigers" whom he led,
To friend in haste threw bridle line,
And then sprang up the steep incline.
He cried, as toward the foe he ran,
"York volunteers, I'll lead the van!"
But now, alas, a hidden foe
Took deadly aim at Brock below,
And sped a ball that pierced his heart
While acting thus a hero's part.
The gallant band, while Brock lay dead,
With MacDonnell, a worthy head,
Made one dash more, but all in vain,
For this new leader soon was slain.
The foe, now freed, gained numbers fast.
Till checked by Sheaffe's small force at last.
"Avenge the Chief!" they made their cry,
Each pledged himself to win or die.
They circled round behind the hill—
Brock's spirit seemed to lead them still—
For when the strife had reached a close
Sheaffe held a thousand captive foes.

Ten thousand foes at Lake Champlain
Meanwhile prepared a grand campaign.
Fair Montreal they thought to burn
And thus their tide of losses turn.
So Dearborn led a fierce attack
Which near La Colle was driven back.
Five hundred friends there held a mill
Which, threatened thrice, is British still,
For Hampton's force in dark despair,
Turned back next year when baffled there.
And Wilkinson's complete disgrace
Began, 'tis said, when near this place.
Fort Erie next vain Smyth assailed,
But, bravely met, he also failed.

More, Ogdensburg was captured then
By MacDonnell's Glengarry men.
So thus supreme where'er opposed
Our first campaign we proudly closed.

Sherbrooke:

Sir Gordon Drummond, will you show
How Harvey met our haughty foe?

Drummond:

When Pike next spring renewed the strife.
In captured York he lost his life.
Fort George our foemen seized as well,
And thus at length of gains could tell.
To Burlington our friends withdrew,
The foe kept close behind them too,
Until ere long, surprised by night
At Stoney Creek, they took to flight.
Although outnumbered five to one
Bold Harvey made those raiders run.
To far Fort George some stragglers fled
Who held the British so in dread
That when they saw our friends draw nigh
They turned at once, prepared to fly.
In haste McClure's poor craven band
Burned Newark town and left our land.

Sherbrooke:

Meantime Fitzgibbon's slender guard
At Beaver Dams all raiders barred.
Some native scouts and three score whites
Protected friendly homes at nights.
These, Boerstler claimed, with perfect ease
Five hundred men could quickly seize.
And Laura Secord heard him say
This he would do in one more day.
Resolved Fitzgibbon's men should know
The secret plans of skulking foe,
Her five small children first she fed,
Her wounded husband left in bed,
And then as roads were guarded well
Through swamps and woods she climbed and fell.
For love of country, not for hire,

She toiled all day through marsh and mire,
Prepared still more and worse to face
To reach in time her destined place.
Her strength decreased as time went by,
The sun went down in western sky,—
No dwelling near, no friend, no food,
Deep darkness fell on that great wood.
Though distant wolves began to howl
Though hoarsely screeched some gruesome owl,
Though thorns at times her flesh would tear,
Though startled deer seemed wolf or bear,
Though wounded, weary, hungry, hot,
Brave Laura Secord faltered not.
Her task could brook of no delay,
It must be done by break of day.
She just had passed, o'er fallen trees,
A swollen stream, on hands and knees,
When lo! to crown the worst she feared
Quite near the bank a blaze appeared,
While painted natives all around
Sprang up like deer that hear a sound.
As savage chief pale Laura spied,
"White woman want?" he fiercely cried.

"Fitzgibbon's camp! Please show the way.
I must be there by break of day."
The chief made signs that he would lead,
So seeming foe proved friend indeed.
Fitzgibbon warned, his guards were spared
The fate by foes for them prepared.
For ere the next day's setting sun
These three-score men had fought and won,
And from an ambush captive led
All Boerstler's force that were not dead.
(Enter De Salaberry, the hero of Chateauguay.)
De Salaberry, honored friend,
Will you this tale of war extend,
And briefly sketch, without delay,
Your own brave fight at Chateauguay?

De Salaberry:

When Hampton's force that fight began
I roused our troops and led the van.
Out-numbered fully five to two,
Our force at first a space withdrew,
Then turned and faced our foes fierce shock,
Like famed Laurentian granite rock,
While through the woods our bugler boys
Sounded to arms with deafening noise.
The foe, deceived by such a sound,
Thought troops were ambushed all around;
So overcome by this great dread
They halted, listened, turned and fled.
I scarcely dared to trust my sight
When Hampton's army took to flight.

Then Boyd at Kingston caused alarm
By marching troops to Christler's farm;
But though he made a gallant stand
He soon was forced to leave our land,

When Provost saw at Lake Champlain
Our fleet destroyed and Downie slain,
He moved from Plattsburg, changed his course,
And thus brought home his whole fine force.

The western field we all felt sure
By Proctor's force was held secure,
For Barclay's fleet our friends supplied,
And Britain's force the foe defied.
But when, alas! one autumn day
Our fleet was crushed at Put-in-Bay,
Detroit was really captured too
For Proctor's force at once withdrew.
Without supplies of food and clothes
'Twas vain to face successful foes.
Soon Proctor reached Moravian town,
Saw brave Tecumseh there shot down,

Five hundred British captives seized,
And all our native friends displeased.

Ere long with Brown at Lundy's Lane
Brave Drummond fought and not in vain,
For though at first our foemen gained
At last our friends the field retained.

Like ships at sea, by tempest tossed,
Sometimes we gained and sometimes lost,
Until at Ghent a peace was signed
And every captured point resigned.

MACKENZIE'S REBELLION IN 1837.
Toronto, 1848.

Miss Canada,—As soon as the country settled down after the War of 1812 Mackenzie and his friends in Upper Canada and Papineau in Lower Canada demanded responsible government. Finally they rebelled and took up arms, 1837. They were, however, quickly and easily defeated. Mackenzie and other leading rebels fled to the United States. In 1848 a general pardon was granted to all those who had taken part in the rebellion.

Mackenzie returns to Toronto, where he has an interview with Fitzgibbon, the hero of Beaver Dams, and the general who commanded the force which defeated the Upper Canada rebels near Montgomery's Tavern.

(Enter Fitzgibbon and William Lyon Mackenzie.)

Fitzgibbon:

Mackenzie, come you here once more
To raise rebellion as before?

Mackenzie:

No civil war your land need fear,
The people now are masters here.
The men who pay a tax or rate
By careful votes control the state.
Lord Durham showed for this we fought,
And Britain granted all we sought.
When once our claims were thus approved,
Our former wrongs were soon removed.

Fitzgibbon

No foreign land is now so free,
And this, some think, you owe to me.

~~Mackenzie:~~

Were there no taxes, votes or rates
In your far-famed United States?
That boasted land you quickly sought
When forced to face the troops I brought.
Your friends all said you'd ne'er return,
That Britain's pardon you would spurn;
While foes declared that negro laws
Had won your love and loud applause.

Mackenzie:

Although a Compact ruled the land,
And much they did was hard to stand,
Though men were taxed and forced to pay
And then ignored in every way;
I'll own my fault, I went too far
When I engaged in civil war.
But much I've seen and learned since then
Of foreign laws and public men.
Your chosen chief is now dismissed
When more than half your folks insist,
He therefore feels more checks and fears
Than one secure for four long years.
Your British plan o'er all seems best
So here at last my bones shall rest.

CONFEDERATION.

Quebec City, 1867.

Miss Canada,—In 1841 the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada were united and given responsible government. The House of Assembly was to consist of eighty-four members, forty-two from each of the original provinces. Soon a demand was made for representation by population. There was much dissatisfaction and a continual change of governments until finally all parties united under Brown and MacDonald, and Confederation was effected 1867.

(The Governor, Lord Monk, seated. Enter John A. MacDonald George Brown.)

Lord Monk:

Your counsel, friends, is welcome here,
For some great change is drawing near.
No stable government can stand
In this poor faction-riven land.
Creed, language, class, old feuds and race,
Increase the task we now must face.
And then besides this local jar
Our nearest neighbor threatens war.
The "Trent Affair." St. Alban's raid,
The South's Lake Erie escapade,
Our fishing rights, the boundary line
Which none, so far, could ere define,
Our trading treaty's threatened close,
The North's success o'er Southern foes,
Are points to view with tact and care
While war-like rumors fill the air.

John A. MacDonald:

Your lordship's speech has clearly shown
What long ere this we should have known:—
That Annexation now awaits
These small, detached, young British states,
Unless they join and firmly stand
As one confederated band.

To guide and guard our vast domain
Broad fed'ral rules we must maintain,
While every province freely draws
Its own peculiar local laws.
All former feuds we'll lay aside!
On minor points we'll not divide."
As Brown will join and aid or lead,
We cannot fail, we must succeed.

George Brown:

We'll drop our petty party claims,
Unite our present party names,
And take a joint, a loyal stand,
For Canada, our home, our land.
United, wealthy, happy, free,
Our bounds shall reach, from sea to sea.
The youthful Maple as it grows
May soon look down at England's Rose;
Or gazing earthward, may discern
The Scottish Thistle, small but stern;
While Erin's shamrock, tiny flower,
Fit type of beauty, not of power,
From storms may find, perchance, relief
Beneath a friendly Maple leaf.
Yon jealous Eagle's cunning eye
May see our Maple towering high,
May seek its shadow, be its guest,
And 'mid its branches build her nest;
While all the world's poor, wronged or weak
Beneath its shade may shelter seek.
Thus friend to all and foe to none
May this young giant's work be done,
And still when stronger, bolder grown
Give loyal love to Britain's throne.